

*ZEPHERIA.*

CANZON 27.



'E'ER from a lofty pitch, hath made  
more speed, The feather-sailing Falcon to  
the lure ; Nor fairer stooped, when he on  
fist would feed, Than I, ZEPHERIA ! to thine  
eyes allure! Ne'er from the deep, when  
winds declare a tempest. Posts with more  
haste the little Halcion, Nor faster hies  
him to some safer rest; Than I have fled,  
from thy death-threatening frown I Ne'er  
did the sun's love-mate, the gold  
Hetropion Smile more resplendent lustre  
on her Dear! Nay, ever was his shine to  
her more welcome, Than thine to me,  
when smiling was thy cheer! But now, my  
sun ! it fits thou take thy set! And veil thy  
face with frowns, as with a frontlet<sup>f</sup>



CANZON 28,

HEN clear hath been thy brow, and  
free from wrinkle. (Thy smoothed  
brow, my soul's sole hierarchy!) When  
sweetly hath appeared in cheek the  
dimple, There LOVE enthroned sways  
powerful monarchy!

Glad have I, then, rich statues to his  
deity Erected. Then, have I his altar  
hallowed ! His rights, I held, with high  
solemnity! His Trophy decked, and it with  
rosebuds strewed!

I kissed thy cheek ! Then thou, with gold  
artillery. Hast him engirt, tasselled with  
purple twine, (Featly contrived to hang  
his quiver by) Besides a crimson scarf to  
veil his eyne :

But, see ! No sooner was he gay  
apparelled,  
But that, false Boy! away from us he  
fled '